atour Theatricals for Charity-Throng at Lyric Hall-Jolly Tipperary Men Have an Evenlug's Fun-Carpet Weavers in Possession of a Ballroom Other Enter-

A number of young ladies and gentlemen have formed themselves into a dramatic club for charitable purposes, and call themselves the Sol De Bar Dramatic Association. They gave an entertainment at the Lexington venue Opera-House last night to a crowded

The programme simply said that a certain orphanage was in need of funds, and the profits were to be given to the Home. An old gentleman was there to receive the offering with thanks.

A feature of the affair was that every officer of the association was compelled to pay his admission like any ordinary mortal.

"Time and the Hour; or, the Forged Bills" was given with the following cast: Sir Philip Deveral......Sol De Bar Dan'l Medicott......Phil, M. Goodhart Jan'l Medicott Phil. M. Goodhart
Mr. Franklyn Leo Haine
Montromery Brown Abert Fredericks
Sparrow Joel J. Van Raaite
George Aylmer Herman Franklort
Chas. Franklyn Abe. Newman
Marian Beck Miss Julis Goldzier
Lucy Fairfax Miss May Ryan
Mrs. Brown Mrs. L. D. Dunkirk
In the audience were peticod.

In the audience were noticed: In the audience were noticed:

Miss Allie Lake, Miss B. Feist, Miss H. Feist,
Miss McKim, Miss Delmage, Miss J. James, Miss
M. Kavanough, Miss T. Moore, Miss Minnie Leroy,
Miss H. Lake, Miss H. Morre, Miss M. Nasher,
Miss S. Weil, Miss Lebman, Miss Rosenberg, Miss
B. Golthell, Miss Oberbaner, Miss Mary Resan,
Miss Goldyear, Miss Dunkirk, Miss Ida Hilgerman,
Miss B. Newserger, Mrs. Hannah Mayer, Mr. P.
Bernard, Max Magnus, Miss Anne Myerz, Miss
Birsch, Mr. and Mrs. Fles, Mrs. I. Levy.

After the performance there was a dance, which was much enjoyed. MERBY THEONGS AT LYBIC HALL.

A very pleasant affair was that of the James Kehoe Association at Lyric Hall last night. To good music by Prof. Ward and orchestra the grand march was led by George swenson and Miss Cassie Armstrong. Here are the names of some of the guests:

Here are the names of some of the guests:

Treasurer P. Cliggett and Mass L. Courtney, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Flyan, D. Watson, Ed Voiz, Mass Annie Gillispie, Mr. and Mrs. John Conway, Miss A. Green, Carl Luncatrom. G. E. Strauss, Mrs. Wakely, Miss Annie Dooley, Miss Kuite Dooley, W. J. Kieley, Miss Nellie Dooley, Charles Oates, W. J. Kieley, Miss Nellie Dooley, Charles Oates, Frank Fay and Miss Agrie Fay, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Kehoe, Carlton Jack, Miss E. Remsen, Thos. Wattaker, Miss A. Jøyce, William J. Plunkett, James M. Clark, William McCoy, Miss M. Totten-Frank J. Rourke and wife, William Featherstone, Mrs. Courtney, Mrs. L. Fielding, Ed Kelly, Thomas P. Shields, Miss Nellie Driscoll, James W. Barron, John English, Charles Harvey, Miss Maggle Fox, Miss Lizzle Fox, Frank Levidson, Aug Gillhaus, Frank Gillhaus, Miss Mamie Connor, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Kreisn, W. C. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Oater, Irving D. Wadsworth, R. McCoy, B. McArdle, Frank Boyle, James Keller and Mr. and Mrs. James Mahoney.

Standard-Bearer Kehoe, assisted by Presi-

Standard-Bearer Kehoe, assisted by President Michael Donahue, Vice-President W. J. Kieley, Secretary Frank O'Kie and P. Cliggett, tried to make everybody comfortable.

FORMED FOR PLEASURE AND HAD IT. The Young Ivy Pleasure Club had a splendid time at Webster Hall last night. The officers of the club are: L. Cohen, President; J. Goldstein, Vice-President; G. Lowen, Heimer, Recording Secretary; L. Boyle, Finaucial Secretary; A. Kalischer, Treasurer; P. Wolf, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The grand march was led by Mr. W. S. Kalischer and Miss Ida Fowler, under the direction of Mr. William S. Kalischer.

Among the many guests were:

Sam Adler, Henry Shemart, N. Kroint, A. Fisher.

Among the many guests were:

Sam Adler, Henry Shemart, N. Kroint, A. Fisher,
T. Wendover, M. Naftel, M. Weisenberg, Charles
Lewis, Hias Sadie Morris, August Hoss, Mias Mamie
Hess, Frank Gersten, Miss Annie Strauss, Mr. and
Mrz. William Klapper. Miss Klapper, Miss Annie
Appelbaum, Ed Gersten, H. Hirsch, Miss Bessie
Ashare, Miss Martha Peterson,
Asron Rascover, Miss Lascover, Miss Lesser,
Miss Sarah Dennison, N. White, Miss
Battle Beebe, Mr. and Mrs. A. Harris, Miss A.
Harris, Samuel Emanuel Emanuel, Mis Fiora Mannel, Sig. Wittner, Miss Sarah Lazarus, M. Grace,
Miss Minnie Cohen, Joseph Hprris, Miss P. Lennoff, Mr. Grossman, Miss J. Myers, Max Loven,
Miss Jessie Howard, Jacob Weber, Samael Schaul
Miss Ida Schaul, J. Goldstein, Miss Heilly, Sol
Cohen, Miss Bernstein, Miss Lena Cohen,
Miss Badie Holstein, Edward Myers, Miss Jonnie
Lewis, William Shaw, Miss Fannie Levy, L. Cohen,
Miss Mamie Twigg, George Loenveemer, Miss
Boyle, Miss Yettle Cohen, Max Wein, Mark Harris, Miss Sadie Dennison, Abraham Rich, Miss
Plora Felz, Mr. Mawalde, Mr. and Mrs. A. a, Miss Sadie Cohen, Miss Colia Gotchoff, P.
off, Miss Sadie Denison, Abraham Rich, Miss
off Peln, Mr. Mawalde, Mr. and Mrs. A. Aloes, no Jalap. Box (30 pills), 15c. ...

CROWDS OF MERRY DANCERS. Kallecher, Mrs. M. Kallacher, Miss Gueste King,

TIPPERARY MEN AT NILMON HALL.

TIPPERARY MIN AT MILESON HALL.

The sixth annual ball of the Tipperary Men's N. S. and B. Association took place last night at Nilsson Hall. The guests were as jolly as the proverbial Tipperary men.

In the ballroom was displayed the coat of arms of Tipperary. The following are the officers of the association: M. J. Dunne, President; Thos. F. Leeper Vice-President; James Fahey, Recording Secretary; James Nolan, Corresponding Secretary; P. Rochfort, Financial Secretary; P. J. Kelly, Treasurer; Thos. Flaberty, Sergeant at Arms.

Among the throng were:

Floor Manager, William Sullivan; M. J. Lonegran, Thomas A. Fenton, M. Roche, Patrick Quirke, Thos. A. Danaher, Wm. Ryan, M. Ryan, W. Driscoll, Thos. Mitchell, Con. Roche, John Hayes, David Hally, Geo. W. Spearman, Owen H. Casey, David Flynn, David Barry, M. Duggan, Chairman; J. B. Fenton, Becretary; John Kelly, Michael Corbett, James Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. William Lonnergan, Miss A. C. Callahan, Miss Anne Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Auglin, Miss Kate Auglin, Man Mark, Miss Agel Aughin, Miss Kate Auglin, Miss N. Butler, Mischael Auglin, Miss Kate Auglin, Miss M. C. Callahan, Miss Anne Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Auglin, Miss Kate Auglin, Miss Mande Merch Meter Aughin, Miss Kate Auglin, Miss Mande Merch Meter Miss Guissen. O'Hara, Miss Aggie Hare, Miss Hufty, Miss Beach, Miss N. Butler, Miss Gussie Sullivan, Miss M. C. Callahas, Miss Annie Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Miohael Aughis, Miss Kate Anglin, Miss Manne McCullough, Miss Kate Anglin, Miss Manne McCullough, Miss Kittle Griffen, Miss Mamie Butler, Miss Kittle Griffen, Miss Mamie Butler, Miss Elea Money, Miss Alice Murray, Miss Elea Money, Miss Mamie Griffin, Miss Neille Dunn, Miss May Loughman, Mr. and Mrs. John Moloney, Miss Mamie Booblins, Miss Miss Julia Dobbins, Miss Embrings, Miss Julis Kehoe, Miss Annie Sullivan, Miss Mamie Griffin, Miss Maggie Pendegraet, Miss Katle Dobbins, Miss Embrings, Miss Julis Kehoe, Miss Annie Sullivan, Miss Mary Commings, Miss Enerey, Miss Aboyle, Miss Mary Bally, Miss Mary Barry, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. McKeon, Miss Nora Butler, Miss Agusta Sullivan and Mrs. M. Blake,

DANCING AT IBVING HALL. The annual ball of the Patrick Ryan Association was held at Irving Hall last night, and a large crowd was present. In the grand march Mr. Owen E. Reilly led with pretty Miss Mamie O'Rourke, followed by Charlie McElroy and Miss A. Todd, These ladies also took part in the march:

Miss Nottle Conglove, Miss Emma Lynch, Miss Tessie Lynch, Miss Mamie Crowley, Mrs. Patrick Ryan, Miss Minnie Ryan, Miss Lizzie Quinn, Miss Nellie Quinn, Miss Kate Murphy, Mrs. A. Com-stock and Miss Downey of Poughkeepsie.

The following are the officers of the club The following are the officers of the club:
Owen E. Reilly, John Dowd, Harry Mahler,
Abram Hare, Matnew Hughes, Patrick P. Waish,
John Lynce, Joseph Brennan, M. F. Doran, Willam Lomman, Fred Comstock, O. J. Reilly, Thomas
Dowd, P. Dunn, J. J. Stanton, J. D.
Weiking, T. G. Patterson, Frank Fritzgerald, Ed Budds, Patrick Dowd, Jam-s
P. Lee, Patrick Parks, James Bagley,
Michael Connors, William J. O'Rourke, Darius
Smith, President; Charles McKiroy, Vice-President; James Lyloc, Treasurer; James Malon,
Recording Secretary; Martin McNamara, Financial
Becretary; Taos. Espy, Marshal,

PESTIVE CABPET PRINTERS.

When the carpet printers get together and resolve to do anything it doesn't take long to put their plans into execution. A few days ago they decided to have a ball and last night it took place at Wendel's Assembly Rooms. When the World proporter entered the hall Prof. Lovell and his band were playing an old-fashioned reel and jig, and the scene was about as lively as it well could be. The following merry-makers showed that they had not forgotten how to dance it:

Patrick J. Leahy. Floor Manager, and Mrs.

not forgotten how to dance it:

Patrick J. Leahy, Pioor Manager, and Mrs.
Leahy; Casries J. McMu'len, Miss Buckley, Mr.
and Mrs. William Ayres, Miss Ayres, Mr. and Mrs.
Richard Alcott, Mr. Samuel Hall and daughter,
Mr. and Mrs. John J. Hanlen, John Hartney, Miss
Mary Sayres, Mr. and Mrs. William Brown, J.
Halitgan, Vice-President P. Cassey, Miss A. Foster,
Charles Klanber, Miss Mary Klanber, Charles
Rice, Miss Cogler, Daniel J. Leehane, Miss
Mary Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. James P.
Bracken, Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Dolan,
Mr. and Mrs. James McCabe, Mr. and Mrs.
John Kelly, William Allen, Daniel J. Relly, Miss
Mary Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelly, George
Arthur and sister, John W. White, Benjamin J.
Minton, John Hartney, Miss A. Hollihan, Miss
Comiakey, Miss A. Olcott, Miss N. Buckley, Miss
K. Kleraan, John Mange, Miss N. Dalrymple,
Harry Williams, Miss Rilley, Henry Burke and sister, James Horn, Standard Bearer of the Horn Association, and Mrs. Horn.

Thos. F. Foley and Assemblyman Dalton

Thos. F. Foley and Assemblyman Dalton dropped in later during the night. Assistant Floor Managers Patrick Casey and Jas. Carney and Floor Committeemen Frank Carney, John Ellis, James Finner, Frank Prince, John Burke, Thos. Broderick and George Connolly did much towards securing the success of the ball.

Pred Reitz, of One Hundred and Tenth street and Ninth avenue, met on Oct. 16 in a saloon in Righth beaten. He has been confined to his bed ever since. He managed to appear in the Harlem Court against Reits this morning.

Reitz was held to await the result of Lee's in-juries. Lee presented a doctor's certificate, which stated that he was injured internally and that seri-ous compilications may set in.

Riker's Compound Dandelion Pills

WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

VIEWS OF RETAIL MERCHANTS CONCERN-ING THE PRICE OF COAL.

It is the Very Poor Who Suffer from the In-Ten Profit for the Retailer-Talks with Men Who Sell Half-Palls of Coal-Migh Prices Destroy Profits.

No one can appreciate the suffering in the poorer quarters of New York, occasioned by the severe cold weather, save those who are thrown in daily contact with their impoverished tenants. When, to this natural suffering is added the denial of the measures for warmth, the condition of these unfortunate creatures cannot be imagined.

Nor does the suffering extend to those only whose squalid rooms, desolate of furnishings, whose wan and pinched faces and tattered garments bespeak the presence of poverty. out it extends as well to those whose comfortable homes are deprived of even the necessaries of life, and who are bound to

suffer in their absence.

There are, no doubt, millions of tons of coal on the wharves and in storehouses New York, but those who most need it are deprived of it through the selfish lealings of the few who dictate to the masses what shall be the price paid. And the price

paid is not a low one by any means. On the east and west sides alike do the tenants feel the misery which this monopoly inflicts. The best way of observing it is to run into the scores of little grocery shops where scanty purchases are made and see the women and children, with blue, cold faces, buying their half pail of coal and paying in return five or six cents. A full pail is seldom bought, and the grocer, in his turn, suffers in the matter of profits.

An Evening Wobld reporter made a tour of some of the east side uptown stores yesterday, and found that the story was the same everywhere.

day, and found that the story was the same everywhere.

C. Miller, of 825 First avenue, told the old story of high prices and possibly short weight as well. "We can't tell much about the quantity that we get," said he. "We buy a full ton and we suppose that we get it. For that we must depend on the jobber. Our customers are not rich and can't afford to buy in large quantities, although what they buy is good in quality. The high price, too, affects the sale, for you know the more one pays if he is not rich, the less he is able to purchase. We can only hope that the price will go lower."

Henry Preiss is a grocer at 344 East Forty-

we can only hope that the price will go lower."

Henry Preiss is a grocer at 344 East Forty-seventh street. He said: "Many of my customers are too poor to buy more than one-half a pail of coal, and that must last them a long time. Yes, coal is high, but how can I help it? If the price is raised on me, I must raise it in turn, and naturally I sell less. And I am injured as well as my customers, for there is no profit in such sales, even at the present prices."

Thomas Burns keeps a small grocery at 342 East Forty-seventh street. He said that he kept coal, but only for the accommodation of his patrons. The price was too high now.

his patrons. The price was too high now, though such sales as he makes are in very small quantities, half pails at a time. If the price were lower more would be purchased and there would be more in it for small

price were lower more would be purchased and there would be more in it for small dealers.

Charles Bohn is a grocer at 340 East Forty-seventh street. He charges only eight cents a pail for coal, although there is little call for so much at a single purchase. The neighborhood is poor, he says, and tenants cannot afford to buy in large quantities. And the price of coal is the cause of all the suffering that naturally follows. He hopes the price will go down.

Patrick Fagan, of 325 East Forty-seventh street, says that he don't get the value out of his sales. The purchases are small, and made late at night or at daybreak, just when a fire is absolutely necessary. And in the charge of six cents for a half pail there is no profit. He buys a ton of coal at a time. When coal was cheaper his sales and purchases were larger and profits greater. The poorer people suffer by the present price, He looks for a lower market before a higher one.

Philip Venter, of 859 First avenue, says that poor people must have coal, however, the loss they buy. There is no money for himself nor profit to his customers at the present rates of coal. He figures that he makes about 50 cents on a ton, and he sells about three tons a week in pails and half pallsful. The advance charged to customers is not material.

X. Gebele, of 344 East Forty-eighth street, not material.

X. Gebele, of 344 East Forty-eighth street, Bozanic Balsam. Kinsman, 25th st., 4th are. *.*

says that he does not sell so much coal now since the price went up as he formerly sold. His former sales amounted to a ton a day, Now they are not half that much. Then, at the present prices, only small quantities are sold, and, of course, there must be more suffering. He is a loser, too, because there is no profits in such sales.

no profits in such sales.

Meyerdierks Brothers, of 905 First avenue, sell by the pailful. They did not advanced, so what former profit there was they lose. There is more suffering, they claim, since high prices have ruled, for the quantity consumed is less, although the expenses are about the same. They want the prices to go lower. William Vix, of 977 First avenue sells only for the accommodation of customers. His prices are as near cost price as possible, so his patrons are not much affected by the ruling prices. His sales are small and profitless.

ruling prices. His sales are small and profitless. His roles are small and profitless. Harry Rugen, of 985 First avenue, says that
the present high prices have spoiled the
trade. When coal was cheap he sold twice as
much as he sells now. That, he claims, tells
the story. There must be suffering among
tenants when they cut down this necessary.
And this suffering will last as long as the
present prices rule. He does not expect that
prices will be layer for some time.

J. & F. Brunk worst, of 1026 First avenue,
say that they sell as much coal now as ever.
They have made no advance, practically,
over the prices when coal was lower. Their
customers, they say axe not rich. They must
have coal, and in this natter they are favored.
There is no profit in the sales, but customers
are, many of them, beneated.

Christian L. Schluter, of 1066 First avenue,
says: "People must have coal, whatever else
they are deprived of. Of zourse, when the
price is high there is less consumed—in this
neighborhood, any way. If it were summer,
why, it would not matter; but it is unfortunate that the rates are so high now. We have
not raised our prices much in deference to
our customers. Our sales are in small quantities. There is no profit; but when monopour customers. Our sales are in small quantities. There is no profit; but when monopolies rule we all must suffer."

MARRIED IN A SNOW-BANK.

An Illinois Lochinvar United at Last to His Exiled Sweetheart in Kansas.

[Olathe Deepatch to Kaneds City Journal.] News came to town this morning of a romant narriage, which took place on Christmas Eve about eight miles west of here. The contracting parties were J. R. Brown, a lawyer of Havana, Ill., and Miss Amanda Walker, a young school teacher of the same place. The young lady's family were opposed to the match and sent her out here about two months ago to get her out of the way, but it is the old case of love laughs at locksmiths over again. old case of love laughs at locksmiths over again. She wrote to her lover, teiling of her hiding place, and he wrote to her revewing undying devotion, but she never got the letters until her lover came here last week and look then to her in person to the number of two dozen. She was staying with her uncle. Henry Wagner, a well-to-do farmer of Lexington township, and whelf the lover came here last Friday he called on her there, but meeting with a cold reception from the thick he beat a hasty retreat for Olathe. The next morning the young lady found a chance to send him a note containing the information that she would be at a certain church on Chrisimas Eve, and if he would bring the license and a minister she would meet him there and be married. This was enough for the lover, who hird a team at a ordock and set off with the Probate Judge to meet his affianced. They got to the church at 6 o'clock. The young lady, who had been occupied inside fixing up a Chrisimas tree with goods sent by Santa Claus, met them at the door and got into the carriage. It was then dark, and the intention was to drive down the road a short distance, have the knot tied, and the young lady then to return as though nothing unusual had occurred, but they had gone only a short distance when the horses got frightened and ran away. There was a lively time for about a mile, but the driver finally pulled up in a snow-bank six feet deep, where Judge Allen soon pronounced the now thoroughly frightened but happy couple man and wife, after which the party returned to the church, where the groom left his bride and came to Olathe. He returned to his home last evening, but before going he left a check for his bride, with instructions to foliow him as soon as she thought avisable, which will be as soon as she thought avisable, which will be as soon as she thought avisable, which will be as soon as she thought avisable, which will be as soon as she thought avisable, which will be as soon as she thought avisable, which will be as soon as she thought avisab She wrote to her lover, telling of her hiding place,

Charles Duffy, of 306 West Sixty-ninth street, was arraigned in the Harlem Police Court this was arraigned in the Harlem Police Court this morning, on a charge of larceny preferred against him by Martin Geldey, of 16 Christopher street, who works for a saloou-keeper on the Bowery.

Shortly before Christmas Geldey was given a demijosin of whiskey and two boxes of cigars to deliver to a customer uptown. Instead of doing his duty, however, he hired Duffy for the sum of 25 cents to deliver the goods. Next day there was a row at the saloon, the customer demanding to know why the goods were not sent.

Glider explained and nothing was said, but when his salary became due at the end of the week he found that the amount of the goods had been deducted. He immediately went to Duffy's house and found that wortay in bed drunk. The demijohn stood in a chair beside the bed, Glider had him arrested, and in the Harlem Folice Court this morning he was held in \$300 bail for trial.

BITTER AGAINST THE MAYOR.

Entship of Labor Criticiong His Speech Thursday Night's Banquet.

Mayor Hewitt said yesterday with reference to his speech made Thursday even-ing at the dinner of the Board of Trade Transportation that he spoke as he did because he had concluded it was time for somebody to take a stand in this matter of the conflict of labor and cap-

ital.

Members of workingmen's unions, Knights of Labor especially, criticise the speech bit-

of Labor especially, criticise the speech bitterly.

John McKenna, a leading member of the Ocean Association of 'Longahoremen, attached to District Assembly 49, said to a World reporter:

"Every labor measure introduced in Congress during his term, with one or two exceptions. Mayor Hewitt is recorded as having voted against.

"is to day the same man he was when was paying 90 cents a day at Ridgewood, J. J. to his poor slaves.

"Ar, Hewitt has secured all his wealth through agencies that organized labor consider dishonorable.

"Is it any wonder he is ready to call workingmen worse than highwaymen? Does this not ill-become him who has made his millions by plundering the workingmen, and who was the chief cause of introducing and maintaining the 'truck' system in New Jersoy?"

Timothy Oning of No. 49, said: "I have

Jersoy ?"
Timothy Quinn, of No. 49, said; "I have no time to waste on an old fogy like Mayor Hewitt." LAW FOR THE EXPRESS COMPANIES.

President Furgo Says That Congress Should Make It More Clear. President James C. Fargo, of the American

Express Company, said to-day in regard to the decision of Commissioner Walker, of the Interstate Commerce Board, holding that the application of the Interstate law to express companies was doubtful, and that the matter ought to be referred back to Congress

for final settlement:
"There are two classes of express com-panies, the old-established corporations, like the Adams, American, &c., and those which are connected with and operated by the rail-

road companies themselves.

"It has never been claimed that the Interstate law had any application to the former, and no attempt has been made to enforce it, while it would naturally apply in the latter

while it would naturally apply in the latter case.

"The Commissioners have only hesitated about deciding to make this application because it seemed unfair to the latter that their rates should be fixed by outside parties, while the other companies in the seme business, but not connected with a railroad, are allowed to make their own schedule of rates. It is only fair that Congress should make the matter more clear than it is."

A Holiday at the Custom-House. The Custom-House will be closed on Monda next except for one bour between 9 and 10 o'clock A. M. for the entrance and clearance of vessels.

[Prom the Richmond Disputch.]
"What would our Pligrims Fathers say to the elaborate dinners, flanked with rich wines, with which their arrival in this country is being cele-brated?" It might be they would say they lived too soon.

Happiness in Store.

(From Judge.)
** Why are you so anxious to have Miss Smith's name put on your calling list?" asked Cobwigger.
"Because," replied Merritt, "her father is a
wine merchant."

The Plain Truth

Is that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of peo-ple who suffered severely with rheumatism. It neutralblood, thus preventing the recurrence of the disease. These facts warrant us in urging you, if you suffer with

Hood's Sarsaparills by an advertisement of cures it had effected. I have now used three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and can already testify to beneficial results. I highly recommend it as a great blood purifier." J. C. AYERS, West Bloomfield, N. Y.

"I had rheumatism so that when I sat or lay down I

could hardly get up. Hood's Sareaparilla has almo cured me." P. CARNES, Galion, O. N. B.—If you make up your mind to try Hood's Sars saparilla, do not be induced to take any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. S1; six for \$5. Prepared only by O. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

BABY'S SKIN AND SCALP

CLEANSED, PURIFIED AND BEAUTIFIED BY CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Last November my little boy, aged three years, fell him, but he got worse and the doctor could not oure him my eyes. Nobody thought we would ever got better. I falt sure we were distigured for life. I heard of the CUT-ICUTEA REMEDIES and procured a bettle of CUTICUTEA RESOLVENT, a box of CUTICUTEA and a case of CUTICUTEA SOAP and used them constantly day and night. After using two bottles of RESOLVENT, four boxes of CUTICURA and four cakes of SOAP we are perfectly cured without a scar. My boy's skin is now like satin

371 Grand st., LILLIE EPTIS JERSEY CITY, N. J. Bworn to before me this 27th day of March, 1885.

GILBERT P. ROBINSON, J. P.

THE WORST SORE HEAD.

Have been in the drug and medicine business twentyfive years. Have been selling your CUTICURA REMEDIES since they came West. They lead all others in their line. We could not write nor could you print all we have heard said in favor of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. One year ago the CUTICURA and SOAP cured a little girl to our sore leg, while the physicians are trying to have it ampu-tated. It will save his leg and perhaps his life. Too much cannot be said in favor of CUTTOURA REMEDIES. COVINGTON, KY. S. B. SMITH & BRO.

an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.: SOAP, 25c.: RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the FOTTER DRUG AND CHEWICAL CO., Boaton, Mass.

18" Sond for "How to Core Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 likestations and 100 testimonials. BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by

STRAINS, PAINS
In the Fack, Kidneys, Hip, Sides or Chest
relieved in one minute by the Unifoura
Auti-Pain Planker. The first and only
pan-killing plaster. Saw, instantaneous,
infallible, 25 cents. STRAINS, PAINS

AMUSEMENTS. GETTYSBURG

PHILIPPOTEAUX.

TRUE TO NATURE AND HISTORY IN ALL RESPECTS. OPEN DAY AND EVENING. 4TH AVE. AND 19TH ST., one block north of

Union Square.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. YOURTH MONTH. and CRANK, BRONSON HOWARD'S

Every evening at S. Saturday Matines. Erra boilday matines Jan. 2. Oth performance Baturday Matines, Dec. 31. Elaborate Souvenira. H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE,

20c., MAT. EVERY MONDAY, WEDNES-DAY AND SATURDAY. 80c., FUN ON THE BRISTOL. 50c., JAN. 2.-KIMBALL COMEDY CO.

TOBOGGANING

POLO GROUNDS.

Grand winter sport. Afternoon session from 2 to 5; evening session from 7 to 10,50. Toboggans to let on the grounds. Admission 25c.

Bobby Was Mistaken. (From the Epoch.)
"Did you find what you lost the other evening?" inquired Bobby of young Featherley, who was a

guest at dinner.
"'I lost nothing the other evening, Bobby. What makes you think I did?"
"I saw you in the parlor on your knees by sister Clara, and I sposed you were looking for something you had lost."

"But you fixed the old fellow's flint, any- with that Frost crawls up the stairway. He



DON'T suppose you burglars, nor are their habits a very choice theme in polite liter-Spring was really an extraordinary affair. sergeant. That was when Acton and Acu-

for both the politicians and the thieves. We used to boast at that time that we had the best police force in the world. Well, "Calico Charley went up for ten years for helping to crack old Oppenheimer's place there in the Bowery. It was an unlucky job for him all through, and as I was one of the specials that "piped" and took him, and as I had known him off and on for a long time before that, it was just like me one day, when I was up at Sing Sing, to go over to the stone quarry and get the keeper to let me have a talk with him. I got his whole history. He wasn't one of your common cracksmen. Not a bit of it. He was too smart by a long shot for that sort of thing. Don't you run away with a notion that burglars are such awful smart chaps. That's a queer idea that people get out of the story papers. Let me tell you that I've had nigh onto fifteen years' chance to find out, and I've never seen one that wouldn't run his head into a slip noose the minute he had the least luck. Oh, no. I heard the chaplain say once, over to the island, that a man whose mind and body were all right wouldn't be a pauper. There's always something the matter with 'em—a twist in 'em somewhere that knocks 'em fiat when a sound man gets after 'em.

Calico Charley as I was going to say was him off and on for a long time before that, it



his astonishment she told him that the old man had lots of money in the house. She'd seen it. She also told him that she lived in the village and went home every night. He must have made a favorable report, because it wasn't long after that when Bill Ketchum, who was the ringleader of the river gang, thought he'd take a lock at the house. So up he goes, playing the,part of a peddler, and drops the neatest little pack in front of the place when he sees the sign. There it was, sure enough, nicely lettered in red on a white ground, and inviting all burglars, house-breakers, sneak-thieves and assassins to come in and take what they could get. The house stood a good ways back from the road, and as Bill went up the wide path he had a good chance to take in the dwelling. It was a large brick house with a high stone foundation and an iron stoop. There wasn't a shutter, a pair of blinds, on the place. And if anybody had tried to set it afire he would have given up the job as a bad one.

Ketchum got in through the kitchen. He had a lot of things in his pack that tickled the fancy of the girl, and he let her amuse herself with them while he ate a sandwich she had given him, and asked her a lot of sly questions. But he couldn't get much out of her, simply because she didn't know anything, so he made up his mind to interview the old man and pokes about till he got up stairs, and was hailed over the balusters: "Well, now then, what do you want, hay?"

"Nish gloves, necktise, soaps sheep," says Ketchum, pushing up.

"Didn't you read the warning to peddlers on the fence? Ain't you afraid of the dogs?" shouted the old man.

"Warnin'!" says Bill, giving himself away.

"All right," sings out the old man quicker than lightning. "You're no peddler. You want to see my property. Come up, I'll show it to you."

Well, this stumped Bill a good deal; but he plucked up and followed Calcott into an upper room, keeping one eye round him and taking in everthing, but making a great show of trade.

"This room," says Calcott, "is where I sleep.

of trade.
"This room," says Calcott, "is where I

WAS STILL AS DEATH, AND CALLOE LIGHTED A BULL'S-EYE.

Bill started a little, for he had an idea that

Well, not to make the story too long, the upshot of it was that Ketchum, a fellow by the name of Welter and Tony Frost put up the job to crack the old man's place. Ketchum

break, and then only two of his mea turned up. They were covered with blood, and one of them had his arm broken. Welter had been left behind, disabled. They had not an ounce of the plunder. The story they told was a curious one. The whole gang got round them when they reached the dive and put the questions to them fast and thick.

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THE BURGLAR-PROOF MAN.



feel much interest in ature, but then that occurrence at Glen You see, the way I came to get wind of it was through "Calico Charley" as they called him. I was on the force then as a

Calico Charley, as I was going to say, was pretty much of an exception. He was brought up well. His father was one of the best machinists in the country, and he took more pains to make a man of his boy that the fellow deserved. The old man had a little place down there in Maiden lane when I was a shaver. I recollect it well. It was a find of machine-shop, where he made and sold three or four tricks he'd invented himself. He had the boy Charley with him—a bright, smart obap he was then. When he was twenty-one he got to be pretty lively about town, for the old man had saved up a handsome property and let Charley have more money than was good for him. Then they got up a new saft-lock, and it made a big sir, and I believe they went into that sort of thing pretty heavy. Any way Charley went over with the lock to the first world's fair in London. There he got tripped

up. I never heard exactly how it

111/1

his astonishment she told him that the old

of trade.

"This room," says Calcott, "is where I sleep. There isn't any lock on the door, and this room is where I keep my money. There's the safe—I never lock it. Here, I'll show you what's in it—stand still—because when I pull the door open it starts a telegraph machine, and three of the best men in the county start from the village—they're officers." With that he jerked the door open.

Bill was a little nervous, and he couldn't help showing it.

"If any of your gang should come here at night I'll put you up to a trick—cut the wires first, they run across the road below the big gate. Don't be nervous. Do you see that—it's gold. Feel the weight of it. These are diamonds. Can you tell a real spark when you see it? I should say they were worth, in the market, between \$30,000 and \$40,000."

The old man kept up this kind of patter, standing there in his old calico wrapper, Bill Ketchum watching him with one eye and wondering whether he was insane or just the smartest man he'd ever met. He had an idea that it was just the easiest thing to knock him over as he stood there and walk off with the plunder. But that hint about the telegraph stopped him. Then the old man showed him out, and when he got into the hall be says: "You're the first pendler I ever saw that carried a revolver in his breast pocket,"

THEY REACHED THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.

Bill started a little, for he had an idea that Calcott must have seen it.

"Ho, ho!" says the old man; "so you have got one?"

The last thing he said to him as he was going down the steps was: "You're not smart enough for this job, my man."

Ketchum told his fellows that he was never so clean-winded in his life. "I feit so mean when I was coming away," says he. "that I'd half a mind to reform and cut the profession."

the name of Welter and Tony Frost put up the job to crack the old man's places. Ketchum and Frost, I think, went into the business from a kind of pride. They considered they had been challenged, and it was a point of honor to take the old man at his word.

They got up there one dark night in May and laid by till long after midnight. Then they got over the fence and sneaked up to the house. They were all heavily armed, and. I forgot to say, were delayed some time looking for the telegraph wire, which they couldn't find, of course, there not being any. Fancy their surprise when, after crawling round the place looking for a soft spot to break in, they found that the front door was unlocked and the hall dark. It had been agreed that old Calcott should be shot at sight if he interfered.

There was a good deal of anxiety in the headquarters of the gang that night, for this job had been talked about a good while and ketchum had staked his reputation on it. Dutch Morley was to be at a point in the road about two miles north of the house with a fast team to carry off the "swag," and arrangements had been made at Dobbs Ferry to divay and cut.

Dutch Morley waited till day began to break, and then only two of his mea turned up. They were covered with blood, and one

"But you fixed the old fellow's flint, anyhow?" said somebody.

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"But you fixed the old fellow's flint, anyhow?" said somebody.

"But you fixed the old fellow's we were door closed up with a steel shutter on the inside as tight as a rich man's pocket. There was only one way out-down a back stained to said the said flint, anyhow of us could go at a time, and when we reached the bottom something fell on us furnity.

"It was Ketchum's account of it. Frost of the said flint, anyhow of us could go at a time, and when we reached the bottom something fell on us furnity.

"It was Ketchum's account of it. Frost there were no old Calcott."

"With that he sate out to said Calicottane."

"It was the said and he was only the said another before the said the said the said of the said the said of the said the said the said of the said the said of the said the said of th